

Sketch

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Tomorrows

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Tomorrows

Candy Carpenter

Abstract

not even eternities are made to last when you're nineteen and the first moist-grass day of spring comes. it's a coats-off world of high-domed blue (was the sky this bright last year?)

"Look now," the youth said, digging into his pocket and coming out with two tens and pressing them into Alfred's hands, "you won't tell anyone what you've heard?"

"Of course not."

"Not a word to anybody."

"You can trust me."

Alfred put the money in his pocket and stood watching Bill run down the long lobby corridor so as to catch up with the young Farrell. Alfred took a deep breath and thought of the twenty he had just made. The moment was short-lived as the sight of Gerry leaving for lunch forced its way into Alfred's mind.

"Hey Gerry," Alfred shouted, "wait for me. I got something great to tell ya."

Tomorrows

by Candy Carpenter

Journalism, Soph.

not even eternities are made to last
when you're nineteen
and the first moist-grass day of spring comes.

it's a coats-off world of
high-domed blue
(was the sky this bright last year?)

how many hours of winter sunday dreams
are erased with a bigger-than-yesterday sun
that can melt out four months of crushed mud rivulets?

and how many tomorrows are blown in
when the first breeze sways elm branches,
knobby with buds-to-be?